

Prehistoric Monster Still Haunts Arctic

By STERLING HEILIG.

THE antediluvian *Keratosaurus* of the Arctic Circle is alive and may be run down in automobiles by the plain tracks he is making in extreme Northeast Siberia!

So say the Soviet papers.

Traveling back and forth over certain districts in Kamchatka the prehistoric monster and his family have been "breaking veritable roads," which "apparently lead to Bering Strait."

A photograph (a veritable photograph) is circulating which indicates a family of them. It shows the claw, or foot, of "a very young *Keratosaurus*," whose mangled remains were found by natives along the route. Yet the baby claw is big enough to inclose the head of a large man. A drawing of the full sized creature "from descriptions of eyewitnesses" suggests the bulk of five elephants.

Keratosaurus and his route across Bering Strait on the ice are inclined to be credited by French sportsmen, who believed (and still believe) in the Partridge Creek monster of the Yukon, which they came near to hunting in a great Anglo-French expedition just before the war. "The *Keratosaurus* of the Arctic Circle" is the sensational survival's name; and the new Soviet story fits in with its periodic disappearance from Alaska.

When Diomedee Freezes Over.

It crosses Bering Strait, they say, in years when ice freezes between the Diomedee Islands. And a few years before the war those same French sportsmen were arranging to get up an all land automobile raid from Paris to New York over that same Far North stamping ground where the *Keratosaurus* family are now breaking roads.

They were not visionary theorists. They had just done Paris-Pekin. Prince Scipione Borghese, who won Paris-Pekin, entered immediately for Paris-New York. The unkillable Lelouvier (along with Goddard) was attacked by escaped Siberian convicts on the edge of the Gobi desert. Goddard was never seen again; and Lelouvier was left for dead. But along came an Imperial postal relay twenty hours behind its schedule. It transported Lelouvier, inert, to Omsk, where Mlle. Kreiss, god-daughter of the Governor of Irkutsk, helped nurse him back to life—and finally eloped with him from Verkholansk, "the coldest town in the Old World," in a specially equipped motor car—over equivalently the worst section of the Bering Strait trip.

Another great French sport was Georges Dupuy, the veteran correspondent of the *Auto*, sporting daily of Paris, who brought back more than the full story of the *Keratosaurus* from Alaska. There, seeking facts about the Alaskan route for Paris-New York, he "played faro bank on the ice of Bering Sea, two miles off shore, in front of Nome City. The game was running in the Monte Carlo Casino, built of pine logs caulked with tow. Ten red hot stoves made the establishment warm for the gambling miners and young ladies of Nome City dance halls, whose smart sled teams of Eskimo dogs waited for them at the door."

"Just before twilight," told Dupuy, "some two miles or less distant, we could see the little blue waves out there in Bering Sea. Not once did it freeze more than five miles out, at Nome. But there are periods when the strait freezes. One year thirty-six whaling ships were abandoned in the ice, the crews escaping afoot with sledges."

Above all, what Dupuy brought back—and dropped all else to bring—were proofs, plans and undertakings of American and Canadian eyewitnesses to join an expedition to hunt "the Partridge Creek monster."

He had even a snapshot photograph of it.

The Duke of Westminster was interested by the photograph and finally decided by correspondence of a Franco-English combination with the San Francisco banker, James L. Butler, an ostensible shooting trip would quietly extend to the McQuesten River, in the Yukon, where the Klayakuk tribe of the Snow Indians waited around the Canadian post of Armstrong Creek until the good Jesuit Father Lavagneau should give the word: "They come!"

In particular, there was a miner of the

Yukon, Tom Leemore, who—along with Georges Dupuy, James Butler and Father Lavagneau himself—beheld the *Keratosaurus* in his rage and photographed him when he kicked an avalanche of rocks upon their heads. Pigheadedly, Leemore, confided the print to Father Lavagneau "to interest some rich and serious European sport who would guarantee a liberal contract for all concerned," and insisted that "none of those Dawson bums should set their eyes upon it!"

The Duke of Westminster and his Paris friends had, also, the following letter from the absolutely trustworthy Jesuit missionary to Georges Dupuy, after the latter's return to Paris. It finally enclosed the photograph.

"Armstrong Creek, Canadian Post,

"January 1, 1908.

"My dear boy:

"The McQuesten trader has arrived with

while it careered along at twenty miles an hour. At a corner of the cutoff it disappeared.

"In company with Chief Stineshane and two of his sons I took prints of its tracks, exactly as you, Butler, Leemore and I did that day in the moose leak.

"Now, my son, Leemore insists again upon the following business stipulations. . . ."

Letter, photograph and positive good faith of Georges Dupuy were never doubted in Paris. Three times, as sporting correspondent of *L'Auto*, he had visited the Klondike; and his story was as follows:

"James Lewis Butler, his friend and San Francisco banker being up at Dawson buying gold claims, met Dupuy at the McQuesten Post for a week's hunting. It was July. Taking coffee on the porch of Father Lavagneau, Dupuy saw Butler hurrying to them from the canoe, which

sible living animal—and not produced by the digestion of vegetable matter!"

Next morning the priest, Dupuy, Butler and Leemore went to the tracks, accompanied by five Indians. Neither Grant nor the sergeant of the mounted police nor the trader took the slightest interest.

"At noon we built a fire," Dupuy told. "We had almost given up expecting anything, when, as the tea was boiling, down came suddenly an avalanche of rocks, amid such roarings, snortings, rumblings and wind breakings simply like thunder that made the earth tremble! A *Keratosaurus* with the colic, apocalyptic sight! The prehistoric thing, black, bulkier than four elephants, lurched down the ravine beyond us, sweeping rocks aside like pebbles."

"Father Lavagneau and I were petrified. The Indians lay upon their stomachs. 'The *Keratosaurus* of the Arctic Circle!' babbled Father Lavagneau, as the thing stopped and stared at us with disdainful curiosity.

"For ten minutes, nailed to the spot, we stared at the survival from Jurassic times, and it stared back at us. In full daylight have you seen the Eiffel Tower? In the same manner I have seen the *Keratosaurus*! Its withers stood thirty feet high. Its entire body—from rhinoceros horn to tip of massive tail—must have measured seventy or eighty feet. Its hide was like that of the wild boar, covered with gray-black bristles two feet long. From its hairy belly hung clods of mud as big as ten-year-old children! The noise of its gnashing teeth (I think it was in pain) was like the grinding of river ice in a debacle. That of its indigestion was as when a hurricane rips the shrouds of a schooner! Its stench overpowered us. . . ."

"Suddenly, it raised its head and shook the hills with a long roar. It romped down the ravine at forty miles an hour. Its head, held fifty feet above the ground, was the last thing I saw. . . ."

Dupuy then heard a casual voice behind him.

Shot With Camera—Lead No Use.

"No use to shoot lead at such a fellow," Tom Leemore was saying, "but I got three snapshots at him with my kodak. Just my luck I had only three films and one of 'em is budged."

Leemore was the calmest temperament Dupuy had ever met. While others were transfixed with horror, he was already calculating what he could make from his snapshots.

"If I take them to Dawson," he said, "either those smart Ales will claim that I have faked them or the town will turn out hunting the big fellow—and then where will we be? Father Lavagneau and you, Dupuy, will interest some English earl with millions, who will fit out a proper expedition and square us all in lordly manner."

Which facts led to the interest of the Duke of Westminster. The expedition, slowly and carefully planned, with three French sports and twice as many English, dragged through correspondence, summer after summer. Tom Leemore, the miner, Grant, the Indian and Father Lavagneau (for the work of his mission) received periodical remittances of ample proportions, which made them patient.

In 1912 a German tramp steamer was actually chartered at Hamburg—with the privilege of clearing out of it, from hold up, a central space (to be steel gridded) eighty feet long, thirty feet high and twenty feet wide. What for? What do you think? To bring back gold? The contract for this cage was given out and stores, munitions and peculiar motor cars specially designed for their purpose were ready to load when the cage should be in place.

Then came the war.

It ended everything.

The K. Is Offered as Bait.

And now the Soviets (war's sinister product), having no use personally for their *Keratosaurus* family, offer it as bait to the averted and reproving West—a new temptation to resume relations.

Lenine, Trotzky & Co. are subtle psychologists. France might forget a quantity of lost investments for the privilege

Continued on Page Seven.



The *Keratosaurus*, monster of the Jurassic period, also known under the name of the Partridge Creek Monster.

sledges and dogs. He will make the hard trip to Dawson by the Barlow, Flat Creek and Dominion. On his return I shall have fresh food and news from the world—I hope from your dear self, with a word for Leemore, who (you will see by the precious photograph herewith) deems the time ripe for your best efforts. In trusting the proof to you, he stipulates . . . (business details).

"What joy will it not give me to receive you again under my roof, here at the world's end, because I will not believe that you could permit your friend of the Great North to give up his old carcass to the branch coffins of the Stewart Indians without visiting him once more!

"I have your book, &c., &c. . . . And now, would you believe, in the name of our Lord, that I and ten of my Indians again saw, on Christmas afternoon, Leemore's terrible monster!

"It passed like a hurricane across the frozen river, smashing immense blocks of broken ice into the air behind it. Its long bristles were covered with hoar frost and its immense red eyes flamed in the twilight!

"The monster held in its mouth a caribou that must have weighed 700 pounds,

had been sent to meet him. Butler was much agitated.

"Do you know that there are prehistoric giant flesh-eating lizards alive up here?" were his first words. Dupuy was inclined to laugh; but when he saw the Jesuit priest receive the story with grave interest he laughed no more.

"From Gravel Lake my last camp was the mouth of Clear Creek," explained Butler. "It was hard going, and joyfully I perceived Grant's cabin lights. He gave me a good supper. At 5 A. M. Grant came, announcing in his furtive way three big moose back of Partridge Creek. He, your two Indians and I saw the moose. They had been quietly feeding. Suddenly the male let out a bellow, and off they went at breakneck speed. What could it be? We hurried up to the moose leak and saw!

"A prodigy stared us in the face. Fresh in the mud was the print of a gigantic body. The belly made a gully three feet deep, forty feet long and fifteen feet wide. Four vast feet, a yard by half a yard, at least, had made a lot of prints. Horrifying, above all, was a pile of greenish, wine colored manure, smoking fresh, two yards cube! It was the excrement of no pos-